atelier du noir
presents

The Bookworm
By Amagappa Shoujogun

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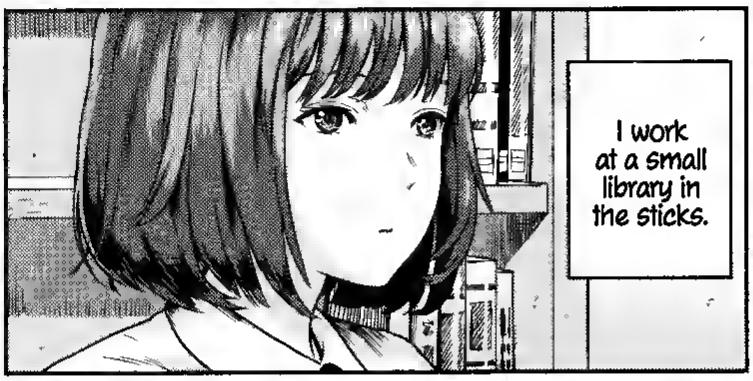
proofreads Mzilpix
cleans and redraws Nash
typesetting Rui
quality check Davey94, Mzilpix & Jet
Credit page done by Yaoken / original concept by Bomb

<Krachek> you can learn about me :wink:
<AngelBeyotch> Uhuhu Krach has he best timing... sometimes
<Jet> LOL roast him real quick
<AngelBeyoutch> Aaahn<3 You know I like my meat well done <3

The Bookworm
Amagappa Shoujogun

NO VISITORS AGAIN TODAY...
WELL, IT IS A WEEKDAY.

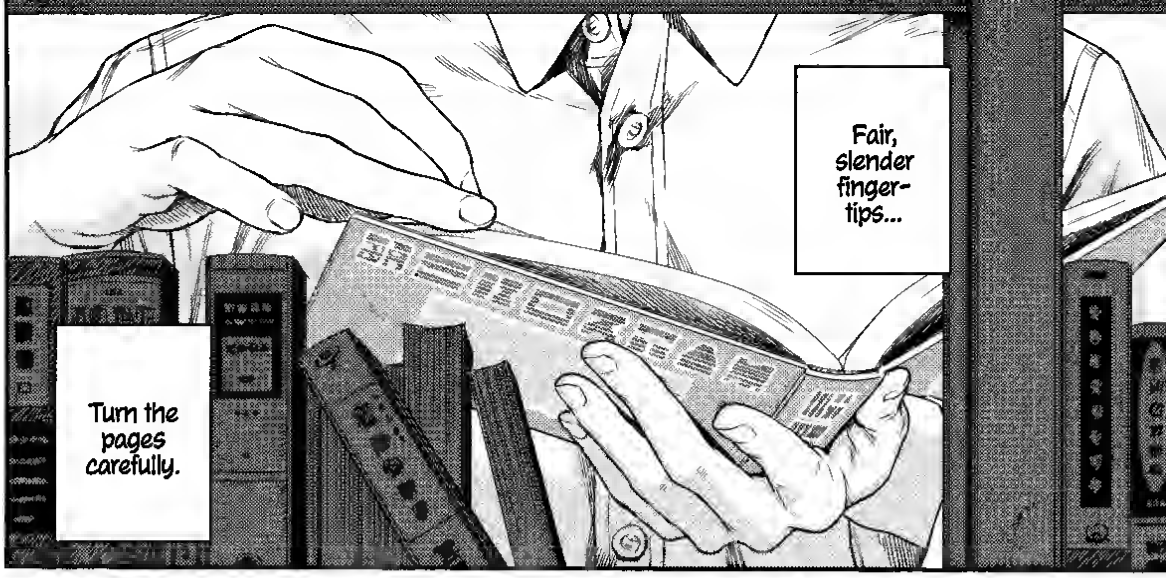
IT'S ALMOST AFTERNOON ALREADY.


I work at a small library in the sticks.

We don't see many patrons.
So, it's not that unusual that...
The place is empty at this time of day.

However, a certain someone always shows up right about now...
THERE HE IS.

We refer to him as...
"The Book-worm."
We never hear him come in...
But before we know it, he's on the other side of the bookshelf.
JUDGING BY THE WAY HE LOOKS, I WOULD SAY HE'S IN HIGH SCHOOL.
I WONDER WHAT SCHOOL THAT UNI-FORM IS FROM.
HE JUST READS BOOKS ALL THE TIME. IT'S FINE SINCE HE SEEMS HARMLESS.
I'VE BEEN TOLD HE'S BEEN SHOWING UP FOR A LONG TIME, PROB-ABLY AT LEAST 50 YEARS OR MORE.
WELL, HE CAN'T BE MORTAL.


Fair, slender finger-tips...
Turn the pages carefully.

SEEMS SORT OF SICKLY AND DELICATE.
Rather than making me afraid, there was something about him that drew me to him.

SOFTLY...
QUIETLY...

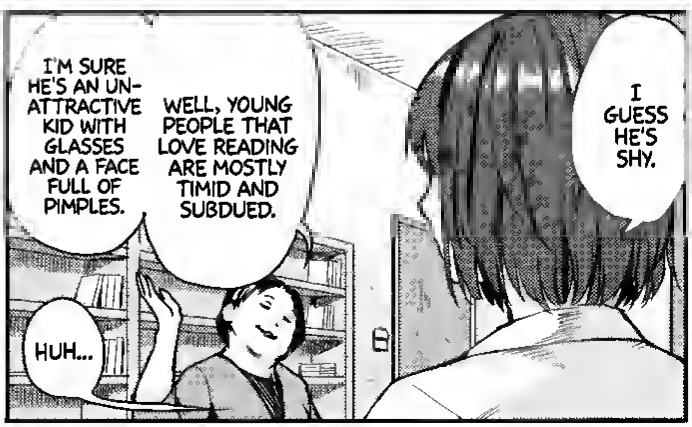
WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?
I CAN'T SEE FROM HERE.
OH?
CREAK

FLOP

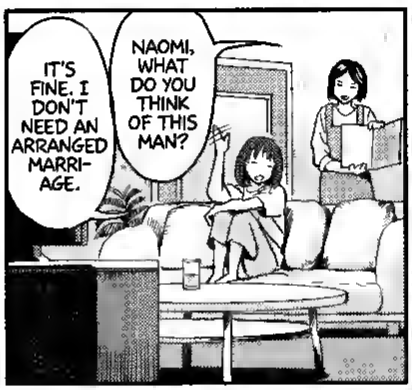
I'VE TRIED TO GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE A TON OF TIMES.
ONCE YOU TURN THE CORNER, HE JUST DISAPPEARS IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

HAHA HAHA HAHA
YOU CAN'T.
IT'S IMPOS-SIBLE.

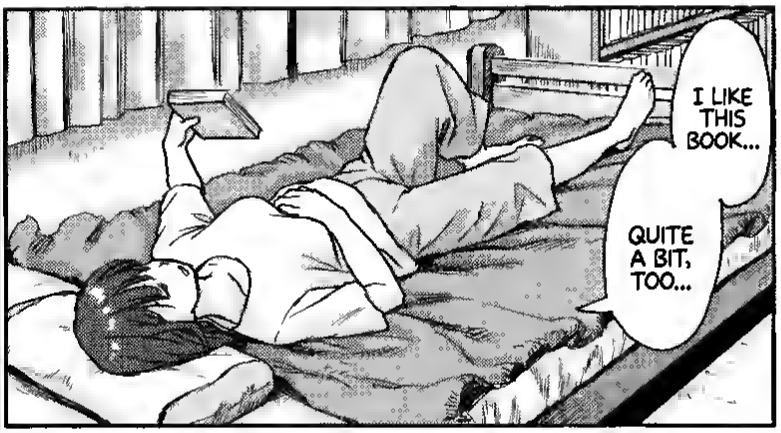
ANYWAYS, I'M GOING TO USE THE COMPUTER IN THE OFFICE,
SO LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.


I GUESS HE'S SHY.
WELL, YOUNG PEOPLE THAT LOVE READING ARE MOSTLY TIMID AND SUBDUED.
I'M SURE HE'S AN UN-ATTRACTIVE KID WITH GLASSES AND A FACE FULL OF PIMPLES.
HUH...

HE'S WORKING AT THAT COMPANY... YOU KNOW, THE ONE THAT'S REALLY SOLID.
JUST TAKE A LOOK WHEN I TELL YOU TO.

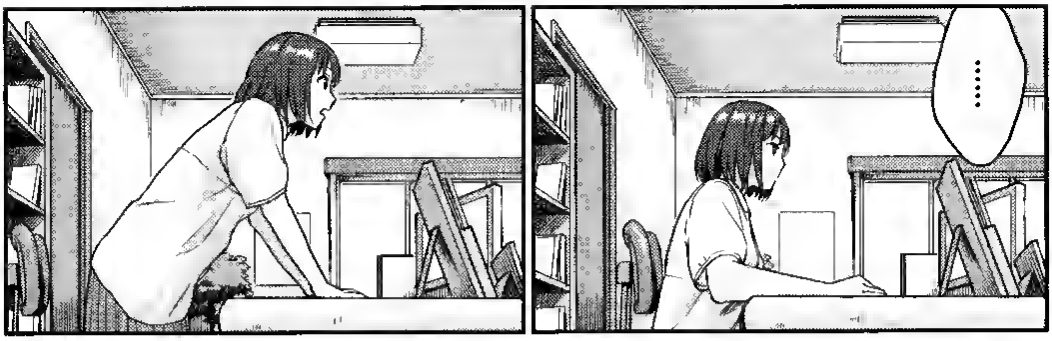

IT'S FINE. I DON'T NEED AN ARRANGED MARRI-AGE.
NAOMI, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS MAN?

THESE MEN AREN'T USUALLY VERY EASY ON THE EYES...
HIS HANDS ARE RUGGED, TOO...
There's hair growing...


I LIKE THIS BOOK...
QUITE A BIT, TOO...

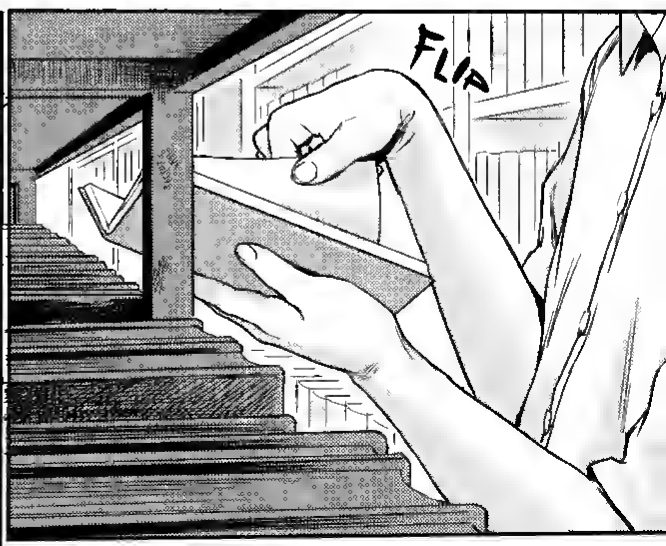
HE'S HERE...
AGAIN TODAY...

OKAY, SURE.
I'M GONNA USE THE COMPUTER OVER HERE.

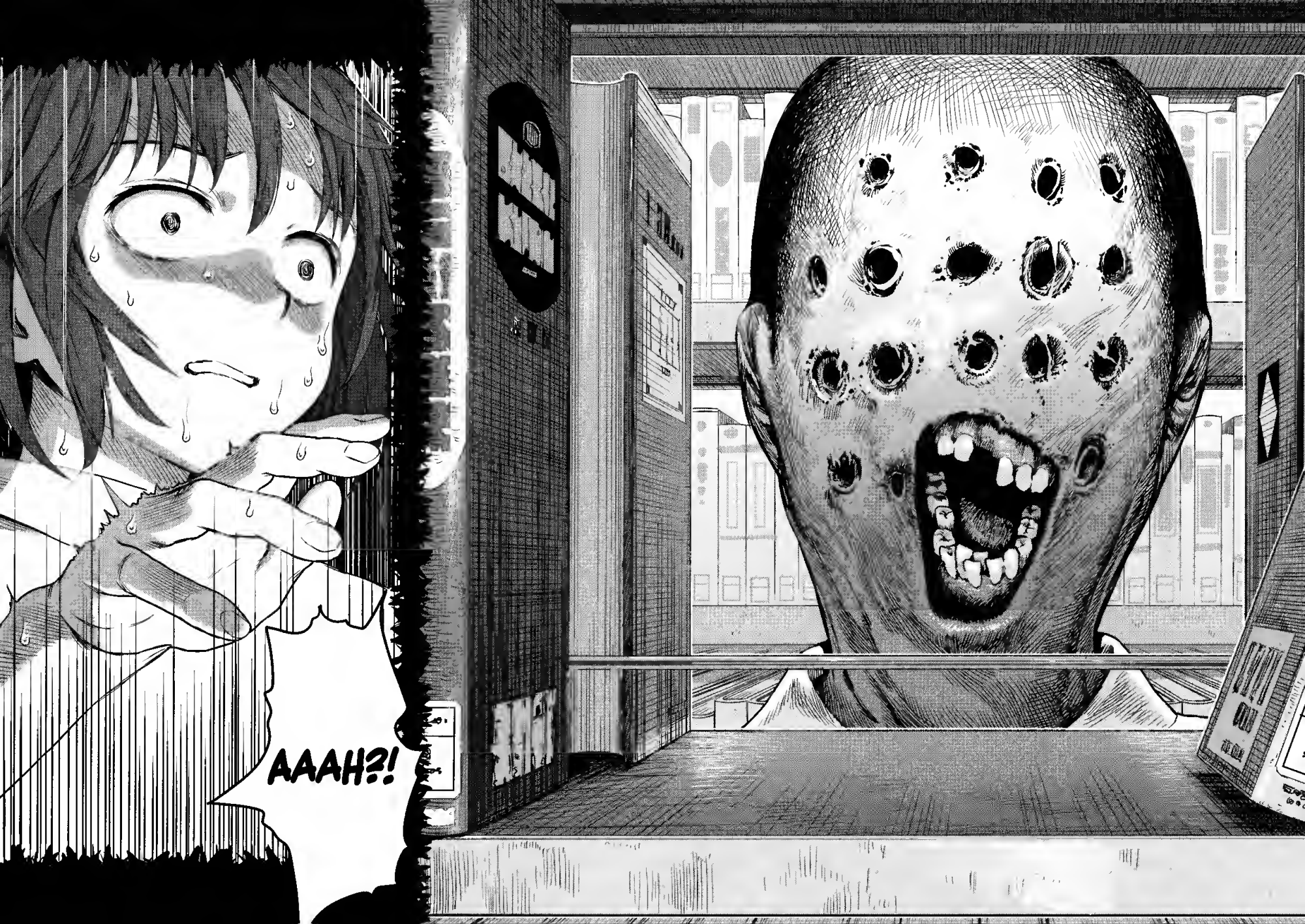

.....

YOU MUST LIKE BOOKS, RIGHT?
SO... YOU ALWAYS COME BY HERE.

I GUESS HE DIDN'T HEAR ME...?
EVEN THOUGH WE'RE BARELY A METER APART...
FLIP


FLIP

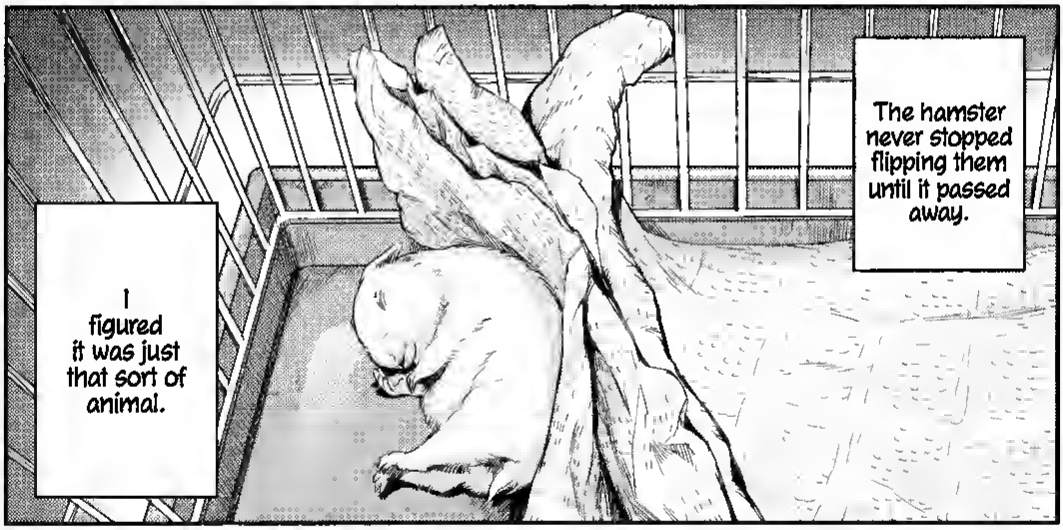
IT'S EXASPERATING...
I think it was at this moment...
That I started to harbor special feelings for The Bookworm.
"ONCE YOU TURN THE CORNER, HE DISAPPEARS IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE."
AS LONG AS I DON'T TRY TO LOOK AT HIM FROM THAT SIDE OF THE SHELF, IT SHOULD BE FINE.
I COULD JUST REMOVE THESE BOOKS.
Nakahara Chuya. Hagiwara Sakutaro. Naka Kansuke...
These slender-faced authors cross my mind.
THE BOOKWORM'S FACE...
IS JUST BEYOND THIS...


AAAH?!

REACH
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
GRAB
DRAG

I left the hamster alone, thinking it would get tired of it sooner or later.

I used to have a pet hamster.
The hamster had paper towels spread out on the bottom of the cage that it would flip like pages.


I figured it was just that sort of animal.
The hamster never stopped flipping them until it passed away.

The Book-worm's pale fingertips once again, continue to turn the pages of the book...

Just like before, but this time, I am the book. My skin...
My muscle fibers.
My perito-neum.
Turning them like pages, ever so carefully.

The Bookworm/End